

May, 1901.

Vol. III, No. 1.

Price 5 Cents

The PHONO GRAM

THIRTEENTH NUMBER

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**POINTS PERTAINING TO THE USE AND CARE
OF THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.**

(Commenced in December number.)

By C. W. NOYES.

Chapter IV. (*concluded*)

A waver in the reproduction is caused by the mandrel being loose in its bearings or centers, or by the record being out of true to the extent that the reproducer point touches it only on one side. If this is the case, the record should be twisted or turned to another position on the mandrel and this will often true it up. If the mandrel is loose between centers, remove the belt and take hold of the mandrel with one hand and see how much end play it has. It should have very little; only enough to allow it to revolve freely. If it has too much end play, tighten up the center in the end-gate. Now by a waver in a record I do not mean a discord or change of key; a waver is merely an irregularity in the reproduction—first loud, then faint, (seemingly one side of record loud and the other faint).

What is more annoying than a machine which discord or changes key?

To the musical as well as the uneducated ear this is simply maddening.

The operator is mortified and the audience repelled by the horrible sounds the machine emits and the interest of the listeners is greatly lessened. If your machine has a tendency to reproduce its records in sharps, flats and

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naturals at its own pleasure carefully follow the suggestions offered below.

See that the mandrel is not too tight between its centers.

Remove the belt and see if it runs free and without binding.

Examine the belt: it must not be too loose; as, if so, it will slip; still it must not be drawn too tight.

In the spring motor types of Phonographs (except the "Triumph") the machine is provided with an idler pulley. This idler pulley is held against the belt by means of a spring arm and this spring causes the idler to press just hard enough against the belt to take up all the slack in it. See that this idler pulley runs free in its bearing. If it does not, clean off the old oil which may have gummed and apply new.

The Triumph Phonograph has no idler pulley but in its place has a belt tightening screw under the top plate of the machine. This is in the form of a knurled nut which works on a screw stud. By un-screwing the nut, the frame of the motor is allowed to drop lower down and the distance between the driving pulley and the pulley on mandrel is increased; this tightens the belt. If the nut is turned in the opposite direction the distance between pulleys is lessened and the belt loosened.

See that the governor brakes (or small arms containing felt fingers which press against the flange of governor) are well oiled and that the governor itself turns freely. Examine and lubricate all bearings in the motor.

See that the feed nut (small nut which works on thread of mandrel shaft) has the proper tension; just enough to enable it to engage the thread on mandrel shaft and move the speaker arm from end to end. This tension may be

adjusted by carefully bending the feed nut spring until it causes the nut to press on the threaded shaft properly. a

See that the reproducer point does not drop down too far on record. If this is the case, the reproducer arm comes in contact with the reproducer weight and its movement is interfered with and it will (by pressing too hard on record) cut the record. This will show itself by a white dust or shaving which will form on the record as it is reproduced. To remedy this, the link which connects reproducer arm with glass should be removed and a shorter one substituted.

See that the pulley wheel on mandrel or the driving pulley on motor does not touch the frame of the machine while running.

These are the principal causes for discordant tones.

ZEMAN'S PHONOGRAPHIC METHOD OF BABY TENDING.

Alderman Zeman, of Chicago, has made a discovery which, he claims, will bring joy and comfort to the parents of little babies. It is in brief a new method for putting a baby to sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Zeman have a year-old infant, which is very fine child, but is like lots of others in-so-much as she cries long and loud at most inopportune times. At present the baby is teething and is more conspicuously present than usual.

The other night the baby started at 7 o'clock to howl. The alderman's wife tried to quiet the youngster, but gave up in despair. Then the alderman from the Thirtieth ward tried his hand at it. For one hour he battled. Then sat down and wiped his perspiring brow. The child yelled more lustily than ever.

Then like a flash came a brilliant idea to the city father. He owns a Phonograph. He got the machine and lined it up in front of the baby's cradle. He trained the mouth-piece against the crying child. Then the alderman started the machine.

The sweet, entrancing notes "Dear Midnight of Love," came forth from the Phonograph. The child stopped crying, and then listened in delight. The alderman took advantage of the lull to beat a hasty retreat to bed. The Phonograph sang merrily "When Reuben Comes to Town," and as the tune changed to "Go to Sleep, My Lil' Pickanninny" the baby's tired eyes closed and there came a contented snore from the aldermanic couch.

Since then the Phonograph has been tried on the baby and has never failed to bring peace to the Zeman house.—
From the *Chicago Journal*.



The Old Way



The New Way

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

BY W. H. SEDGWICK.

Last Decoration day, my wife having an engagement to sing alto in a quartette, at the Memorial service of the Grand Army of this place, and not having the opportunity of a rehearsal with the others, was somewhat put out as the music was difficult and different from what she was used to singing, so she said to me, "What shall I do. I must have a rehearsal. Cannot you sing the air for me?" Well, I laughed, and said, "You must be desperate when you ask me" (for I cannot sing a note). "But I think I can help you out, or rather, the Phonograph will help you." "Why!" said she "How can the machine help me?" "Well," said I, "you sing the air to the machine, make your record, then reproduce it, and sing alto to your own voice." And that is what she did; and held her little rehearsal with very satisfactory results. When the time came she was fully competent and sang her part without fault, and with perfect confidence.

AUTOMATIC SERMONS.

Almost within shadow of the Monument stands the most extraordinary church in London. This sacred edifice is known as St. Mary-at-Hill.

Into an interior which carries one back to long dead ages—the oaken facade and pulpit are nearly five centuries old—a modern, not to say sensational note has been interpolated in the hope of solving the problem as to how to bring back the masses to worship. This hope has certainly been gratified, for the edifice at every service-time re-

sounds to the tramp of many feet, instead of being left to desolating emptiness which characterized it formerly.

From under that ancient pulpit the maw of a huge brass instrument projects itself; a bass drum is seen reared against the legs of a grand piano; a magic lantern and Kinetoscope is descried in the organ loft and before it stretches a huge white sheet supported by the fluted columns of the church.

The brass instrument under the pulpit is called a "monsterphone." It performs pieces of music for the entertainment of the congregation—not necessarily sacred music—and it varies its programme with an occasional address, not exclusively on spiritual themes. For the special edification of a Daily Mail representative it gave a capital rendering of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," followed by an address by the archbishop of Canterbury couched in simple, telling language, such as his intended hearers would understand.

The Kinetoscope in the organ loft throws moving pictures on the screen stretched across the center aisle, and when service is being held, Capt. R. Coleman, sometimes with the aid of a speaking trumpet, explains the incident depicted. A skilled pianist presides at the grand piano, a numerous stringed orchestra ranged before the altar performs pieces of music that are known in every household, the bass drum booms and echoes through the venerable pile, and the Rev. W. Carlile, or some other preacher, tells his congregation some plain home truths—no subtle, theological hairsplitting, no didactics, but straight rhetorical blows from the shoulder.

Such is the scene that may be witnessed at St. Mary-at-Hill during the dinner hour on any week day, except Saturday, and every Sunday evening. It is the Rev. Mr.

Carlile's method of bringing the people to church. He has succeeded, for the congregation, numbering once barely a dozen, is now over 600. At midday the workmen, in their toil-stained clothes, spend part of their dinner interval listening to the "monsterphone" or looking at the magic lantern pictures, and the Sunday congregation is just as homespun in its character. Mr. Carlile is satisfied with the results of his novel effort.

He is convinced he is "getting at" the right sort of people and proudly refers to the burglar's picklock and whisky bottle that were recently left in the pews.—From the *London Mail*.

A PHONOGRAPH PREACHER.

BY GEO. K. FOLLETT.

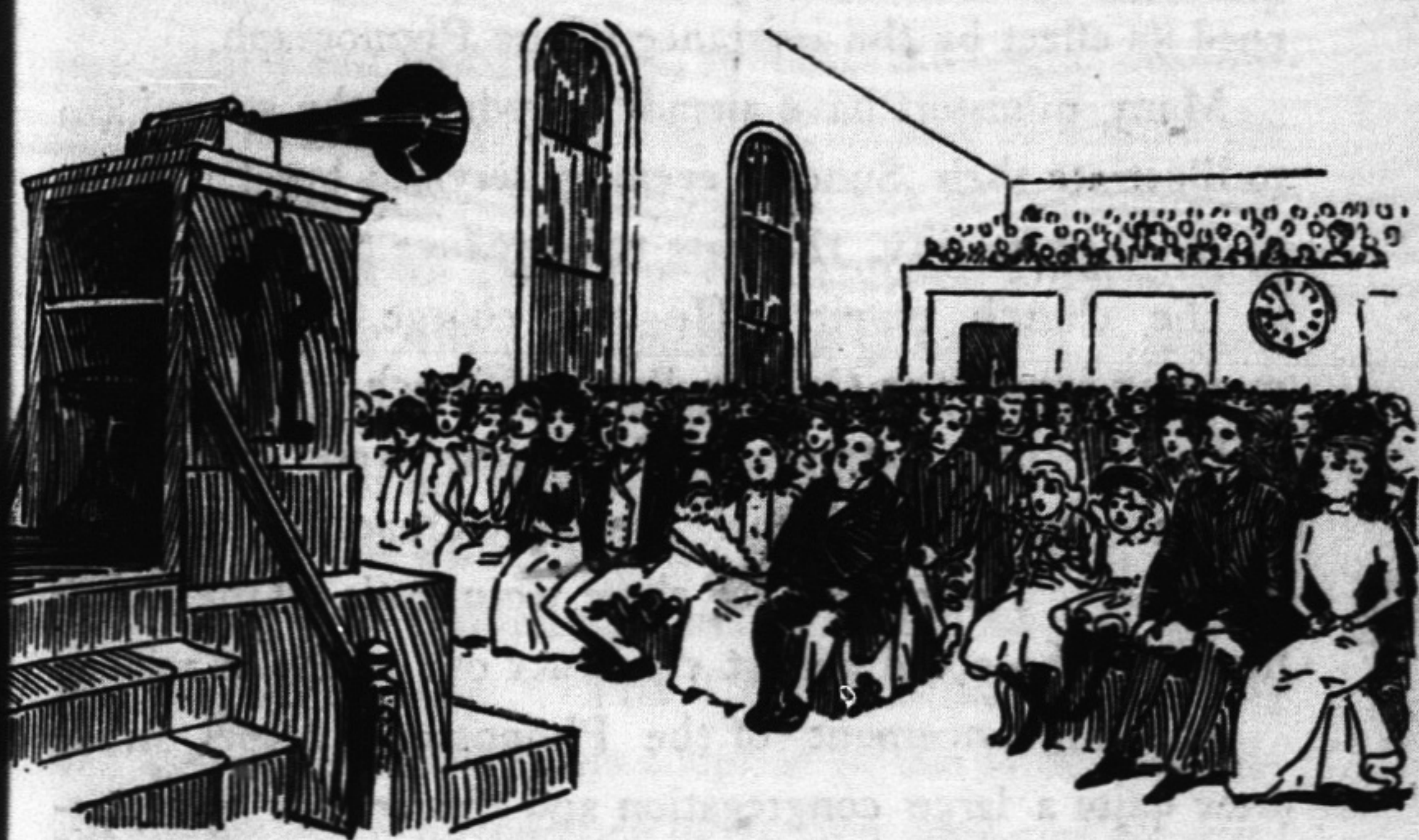
It was a novelty, but one of those innovations in a church service that is voted a success by everybody concerned. When it was announced one day last July that Dr. Smith would occupy the pulpit of Calvary Baptist Church on Sunday morning and hold a Phonograph gospel service, a few orthodox Christians paused to think and shook their heads in a manner which indicated they were at least not quite ready yet to approve of such an innovation.

It must be borne in mind that July is usually hot. Pastors are usually given a vacation. Most of them prefer it in August, but during the month of July their labors are light in comparison with those of other months of the year. A number of churches on the Hill abandon either the morning or evening service. Even those staid worshippers who remain in town do not all appear willing to

MAY 1901

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S



S is a SERMON
Or Service of Song,
Conducted by *Phonograph*
With no thought of wrong.

abandon cool dress and cool piazzas for conventional dress and mingle in a crowd even of worshippers.

Dr. Smith is one of Calvary's most ardent supporters. The doctor is also a great admirer of the Phonograph, and he believes that it can be utilized in God's service as well as for ordinary amusement. He is in possession of one of the machines. At the invitation of the Young People's Baptist Society he prepared a religious address and heightened its effect by the assistance of the Phonograph.

Many ministers have already introduced the stereopticon to illustrate their Sunday evening service; but Dr. Smith is, in all probability, the first to introduce the Phonograph in the church pulpit. He had charge of the Sunday morning services at Calvary Baptist Church.

Hymns for congregational singing were announced through the brass funnel shaped trumpet of the little machine. The records for these were made by the Doctor himself, who could almost construct one of the machines.

The announcement of the Phonograph gospel service drew quite a large congregation and the service was thoroughly enjoyed by young and old. The address was accompanied by the machine's repetition of songs of the great gospel song composer and singer, Ira D. Sankey, and a recitation by Fanny Crosby. Some of the older and middle aged women in the congregation, who had sung Fanny Crosby's words in the ears of their children, but who had never heard her voice were moved to tears by the recitation. At the close of the service they remained and pleaded with the Doctor to allow the machine to repeat it.

AS AN AID TO MISSIONARY WORK.

The Church Missionary Society has shown wisdom as well as enterprise in adopting the Phonograph as a means of instruction. Some missionaries who went to Tripoli to learn the Hausa language took a Phonograph with them. After having mastered the language they spoke the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments into the Phonograph and sent it home, so that intending missionaries should, before leaving England, be able to acquire the native pronunciation. It will thus not be necessary for them to proceed to Tripoli for that purpose preparatory to leaving for West Africa. Efficiency is gained at a minimum of expense, and a great saving of time. In Uganda, King Toro, known to his friends as Daudi Kasagama, has been presented by the same Society, with a typewriter, which has pleased him immensely, and of which he has rapidly made himself an adept. The Church Missionary Society is to be congratulated on its adoption of the latest mechanical inventions in furtherance of its own ends.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE DEACON WHO PASSES THE PLATE.

BY MR. OPENEER.

Passing the Collection Plate always puts me into a Blue Funk. The anticipation of it sets my nerves on edge, and spoils entirely, for me, the hymn that immediately precedes it. The doing of it is one long nervous trial, and the realization that it is done is a relief unspeakable, and the one thing that smooths out my frazzled feelings and restores my quivering muscles to the normal.

No one, to witness my Calm while the Ordeal is in progress, would guess the tumult of my thoughts. From the moment the Voluntary begins and I know I must rise from my pew within the next ten seconds, I feel like a condemned man awaiting sentence. Then as I walk up the aisle and turn the corner to the pulpit, wild thoughts dash through my mind. What if I should stub my toe. Is my waistcoat unbuttoned. Is my necktie over my collar. What if I should want to sneeze ; and what not other frenzies. Then, as I approach the first pew and hand the plate along and watch it travel to and fro, I think, what if it should drop—what if she should upset it—what if I should let it slip. Then I watch the bills, envelopes and coin dropping in. Some of the people are just as nervous as I am. Some jab for the plate with a wild pass. Others lay down the bill or the envelope with a timidity that just clears the edge of the box, so that I must give the contribution a nervous poke that it shall not flutter to the floor as I come up the homestretch. I often see the plugged coin just as it as sneaked into the Lord's hand ; I see the nickel, held tightly in gloved fingers as I approach, refuse to leave the sticky embrace of moist kid, and cleave so persistently to thumb or finger that it must be helped with the other hand.

I am winked at by the wicked dentist who knows my discomfiture from intimate knowledge of my frail nerves as evidenced in his chair of torture. I am smiled at by the pretty girl who knows full well I can't smile back. The small boy who sits 'way at the end of the otherwise vacant pew knows I am rattled—he makes a move as if he had much coin to deposit and then stares vacantly ahead as I enter the narrow space, and back out ungracefully.

Last Sunday I did this same thing, and Dell Dimond, sitting just ahead, also at the extreme end of her pew, saw my discomfiture out of the corner of her eye. She turned and dropped her envelope in the plate as I was backing out. It saved me a trip into her pew, but I fell to wondering why she did it. I finished the rounds all right however, and breathed my customary sigh of relief as I dropped into my seat just as the choir was wailing the last note of the offertory.

After church as we stood in the vestibule, I said to her, "I want to thank you for your time saving device for expediting the collection."

Said she "Oh ! wasn't it awful of me."

"No," said I, "'twas very nice of you. It saved me from that feeling I always have, when there are many empty seats, that I am playing 'Pigs in clover' as I shoot in and out of the pews."

"You mustn't say that," said she, "you mustn't liken yourself to a pig."

"But think," said I, "My saying that, likens you to clover."

"Yes ? And do you know the color of clover ?"

"Indeed I do" said I—"a lovely pink"—

"Yes ; but I meant clover *tops*" said she.

By that time some friends of hers came along ; and as I didn't know for the life of me what clover *tops* are like, I smiled knowingly and passed on.

Now I'd really like to know just what she meant.

A Phonograph has been used in California to convict a man of murder. Perhaps justice may yet be brought about by other trumpets than Gabriel's.

The PHONOGRAM

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Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK
at NUMBER 135 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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MAY NOTES.

¶ I believe in practical religion; and that it should avail itself of all the modern methods that the Twentieth Century has to offer.

¶ If a Phonograph will save a soul, what matters it if a few in the congregation profess to be shocked by what they are pleased to call an impropriety.

¶ The use of a Phonograph in church work and especially in the revival meeting is on a par with riding a bicycle to church. The time is not far when neither practice will jar the most conservative church goer.

¶ Dear PHONOGRAM:—I wish to express my appreciation of the PHONOGRAM, especially the later numbers. I was very much interested in the accounts of your correspondents who have made records of passing trains and even concerts. Should like to have a copy of Mr. Sedgwick's train record. However, I have succeeded in making a record the like of which has never come under my knowledge.

I adjusted the recorder and sang into the horn the bass part of a duet; then without removing the cylinder I went back and sang the tenor part. The bass could be heard

well enough to keep on in the right time. The result of the experiment is that I have a record of a vocal duet, both parts having been sung by myself. The reproduction is good. Both parts can be heard perfectly, and in good harmony. I used the Standard Phonograph and think it the right one to own.

Respectfully yours, C. W. HANSEN.

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| | <i>making same</i> | Big 4 |
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| 7783 | Second Company March <i>Last March written</i> | |
| | <i>by the late D. W. Reeves.</i> | Band E |
| 7784 | Shultz On Kissing <i>Cause and effect.</i> | Recitation Ken |
| 7785 | Selection from The Burgomaster | Orchestra P |
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| 7788 | Believe me if all those endearing <i>Cornet solo</i> | |
| | <i>with variations</i> | Mesloh |
| 7789 | Hearts and Flowers <i>Tobani. Sentimental song</i> | Mac |

7790	Tobie, I kind o'likes you	Coon song Co
7791	Sweet Annie Moore	Serio-comic song Na
7792	When we parted at the gate	Male duet Har & Mad
7793	Adieu Marie	Sentimental Ballad Mad
7794	Little Tommy Murphy	Comic song Q
7795	A Pipe Dream	" " Q
7796	Cooee, Ma Girlee Song and Dance from the London success the Messenger Boy	Du
7797	Everybody has a Whistle like me Banjo accompaniment.	Coon song Co
7798	The Valley of the old Shenandoah	Sent'l song Har
7799	I'm a Philosopher	Comic song Fa
7800	He's going there every night	" " Fa
7801	Big Black Annies Birthday Ball	Coon song Den
7802	Its the man behind the gun who does the work	Stan
7803	Spring Warblings Polka	Piccolo Maz
7804	The Village Belle	Sentimental song Na
7805	March from "Foxy Quiller"	Orchestra P
7806	The Game of Eyes	Sentimental song Mac
7807	How the Irish beat the Band	Comic Den
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12179	Danza Otero	Spanish song V
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135 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO OFFICE, 144 Wabash Ave.;
FOREIGN DEPT., 15 Cedar St., New York